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UNCLE THOMAS'S

STORIES

FOR

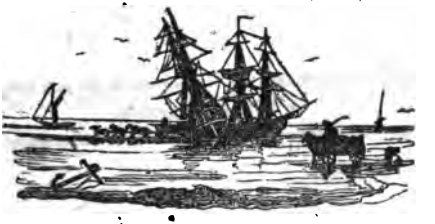
GOOD CHILDREN.

Uncle Thomas and Charles taking leave of their Friends.

CHARLES'S JOURNEY TO FRANCE,

AND

OTHER TALES.



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BOSTON:
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1854.

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INTRODUCTION.

Uncle Thomas's Stories for Good Children.

THE design of this Series of unpretending little books, is to give to the Young information, joined with amusement.

They are prepared for young children; and if from the reading of these stories they acquire a love for good books, the ompiler's object will be accomplished.

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Charles, Billy, and Harry.

Story of a Journey to France.

WELL, Charles, we will take a journey. We will go to France. We will see some of the world besides home,

Bring your hat. Good-by, papa. Farewell, Billy, and Harry, and every body. We are going a great way off. And we shall go down the lane, and through the churchyard, and by the corner-house, and over the stile, till we have got quite into the fields. How pretty the fields will look! for it will be

summer days again before we go. And there will be yellow flowers, and white flowers, and grass, and trees, and hedges; and the grasshoppers will chirp, chirp, under our feet. Do not try to catch them; it will only hinder us, and we have a great way to go.

Pray what are those pretty creatures that look so meek and good-natured, and have soft, thick, white wool upon their backs, like a great coat, and make

a noise like the little baby when it cries? Those are sheep and lambs. And what are those creatures with horns, that are bigger than the sheep? Some of them are black, and some red: they make a loud noise, but they do not look as if they would hurt any body. Those are cows, that give milk. Stroke them. Poor cows! stand still and look back. Now we cannot see papa's house at all; and we can see only the top of the church steeple. Let us go a little farther.

Now look back. Now we cannot see the church at all. Farewell! We are going a great way. Shall we ever come back again? Yes, we shall come back again; but we must go on now. Come, make haste.

What is that tall thing that has four great arms which move very fast? I believe, if I was near it, they would strike me down. It is a wind-mill. Those arms are the sails. The wind turns them round. And what is a wind-mill for? It is to grind corn. You could have no bread if the corn were not ground. Well, but here is a river; how shall we do to get over it? Why, do you not see how those ducks do? they swim over. But I cannot swim. Then

you must learn to swim, I believe: it is too wide to jump over. O, here is a

bridge! Somebody has made a bridge for us quite over the river. That somebody was very good; for I do not know what we should have done without it; and he was very clever too. I wonder how he made it. I am sure I could not make such a bridge.

Well, we must go on, on, on; and we shall see more rivers, and more fields, and towns bigger than our town a great

deal, — large towns, and fine churches, streets, and people, — more than there is at the fair. And we shall have a great many high hills to climb. I believe I must get somebody to carry the little boy up those high hills. And sometimes we shall go through dusty, sandy roads; and sometimes through green lanes, where we shall hear the birds sing.

Sometimes we shall go over wide commons, where we shall see no trees, nor any house; and large heaths, where there is hardly any grass — only some purple flowers, and a few black nosed little sheep. Ha! did you see that pretty brown creature that ran across the path? Here is another; and look! there is another; there are a great many. They

are rabbits. They live here, and make themselves houses in the ground. This is a rabbit-warren.

Now we are come amongst a great many trees—more trees than there are in the orchard by a great many, and taller trees. There is oak, and ash, and elm. This is a wood. What great boughs the trees have! like thick arms. The sun cannot shine amongst the trees, they are so thick. Look, there is a squirrel, jumping from one tree to another. He is very nimble. What a pretty tail he has!

Well, when we have gone on a great many days, through a great many fields and towns, we shall come to a great, deep water, bigger a great many times than the river, for you can see over the river you know — you can see fields on the other side; but this is so large, and so wide, you can see nothing but water, water, as far as ever you can carry your eyes. And it is not smooth, like the river; it is all rough, like the great pot in the kitchen when it is boiling; and it is so deep, it would drown you, if you were as tall as two church steeples. I wonder what they call this great water. There is an old fisherman sitting upon a stone, drying himself; for he is very wet. I think we will ask him. Pray, fisher-

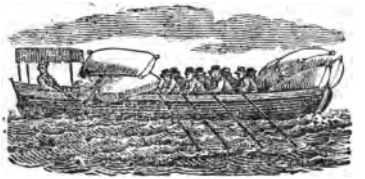
man, what is this great water? It is the sea: did you never hear of the sea? What! is this great water the same sea that is on our map at home? Yes, it is. Well, this is very strange! we are come to the sea that is in our map. But it is

very little in the map. I can lay my finger over it. Yes, it is little in the map, because every thing is little in the map; the towns are little, and the houses are little.

Pray, fisherman, is there any thing on

the other side of this sea? Yes, fields and towns, and people. Will you go and see them? I should like to go very well: but how must we do to get over? for there is no bridge here. Do not you see those great wooden boxes that swim upon the water? They are bigger than all papa's house. There are tall poles in the middle, as high as a tree. Those are masts. See! now they are spreading the sails. Those white sheets are the sails. They are like wings. These wooden boxes are like houses with wings. Yes, and I will tell you what, little boy! they are made on purpose to go over the sea; and the wind blows them along faster than a horse can trot. What do they call them? They call them ships.

You have seen a ship in a picture. Shall we get in? What have those men in the ship got on? They have jackets and trousers on, and checked shirts. They are sailors. I think we will make you a sailor, and then, instead of breeches, you must have a pair of trousers. Do you see that sailor, how he climbs up the ropes? He runs up like a monkey. Now he is at the top of the mast. How little he looks! but we must get in. Come, make haste: they will not stay for us. What are you doing? picking up shells! We must get into a boat

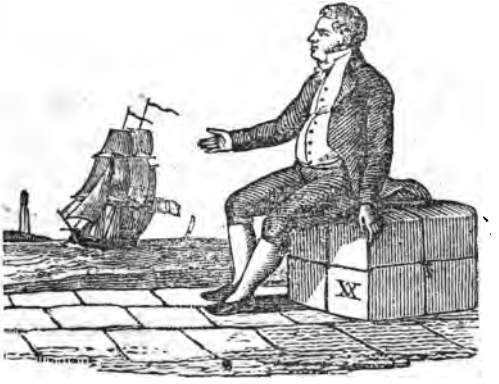


first, because the ship is not near enough. Now we are in.

Now we are upon the great sea. Blow, blow, wind! Sail away, ship! There are little rooms in the ship. Those little rooms are called cabins. Let us walk about, and look at the ship. Why, you cannot walk steady; I am afraid you are tipsy! because the ship rolls about. But the sailors can walk steady. The sea is not like the river; it is greenish. Well, here is water enough if we should be thirsty. Yes, here is water enough; but you would not like to drink it. It is salt and bitter. You could not drink it. How fast we go! Now the fields are a great way off. Now we cannot see any green fields at

all, nor any houses, nor any thing but the great deep water. It is water, all round as far as ever we can see. Yes, and sky; we can see the sky too. All sky over our heads, and all water every where round us! Do not be afraid, little boy! Blow, blow, wind! sail away, ship! I see some things in the sea at a great distance. Those are more ships and boats. How very small they are! they look like nutshells in a great pond. O, now we are coming to the green fields and towns on the other side of the sea! I can see them a little. Now I can see them very plain. And here is a little piece of green land, with the water running all round it. That is an island. A piece of land with water all round it, is an

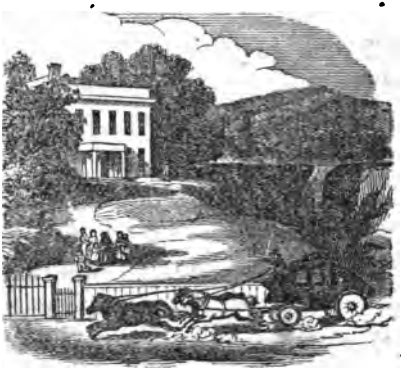
island. But we are not going there; we are going to the great land. Now we are at the land. Get out of the ship. Pray, what country is this? This is France. France! why, France is in the map too.



And pray what is the name of that

country we came from, where we live, and where papa lives? It is England. And the deep sea is between France and England? Yes, you know it is so in the map.

O, France is a pretty place! it is warmer than our country: and here are pretty flowers, and fine fruit, and large grapes. I never saw such large grapes in all my life. And the vines grow in the fields; they do not grow against walls, as our vines do. And there are a great many people, men, and women, and little boys and girls, singing and dancing about, and so merry! nothing can be like it. I think we will live here, and send for papa and Arthur. Let us go and talk with those people. Here, you little



girl! pray give us some of your nice fruit. *Serviteur, Monsieur.* What do you say, little girl? I do not understand you. I cannot help that. Here is an old man cutting vines; we will speak to him. Pray, old man, will you give us some of your fruit? We are come a great way

to see you. *Serviteur, Monsieur.* What do you say? We do not know what *Serviteur, Monsieur,* is. It is French. But we do not understand French. I cannot help that; you must go home and learn. And why do you speak French? Because this is France. Did not you know that every body speaks French in France? Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he! Ho, ho, ho! Here is a foolish little boy come a great way over the sea, and does not know that every body speaks French in France. Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he! Ho, ho, ho! Here is a foolish little boy come a great way over the sea, and does not know that every body speaks French in France. Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he! Ho, ho, ho! Here is a foolish little boy come a great

way over the sea, and does not know that every body speaks French in France. Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he! Ho, ho, ho!— What shall we do, little boy? every body laughs at us, and all the little birds twitter and chirp at us. We will go home again. Farewell, France! We will not go to France again till papa has taught us to talk French. Let us go into the ship again. Blow, wind, sail away, ship! Now we are got back again. Pray, papa, teach the little boy French before he goes a great way abroad again.

The Ship that Charles came home in.—p. 20.

The Ball Players.

UP goes the ball with might and main,
And soon it cometh down again;
Ups and downs, I've heard them say
For many a year, is the world's way!

Up goes the ball, — like a goblet-cup;
Hold your hand as you send it up!

Down it comes, — ere it reach the
ground,
Catch the ball so firm and round.

An up and down, that is the way,
With a good round ball, that you must
play;
Up, high as you can, then down again,
Five and five, and a double ten.

The world is a ball, and every star,
And the sun himself, great balls they are;
Round they go, and round about,
Ever and ever, yet ne'er are out!

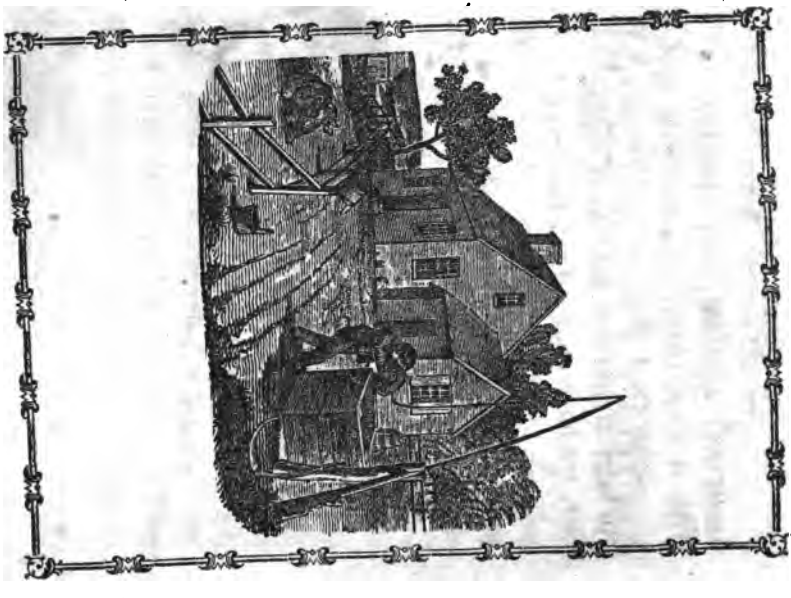
Up goes the ball! O, if I threw
Up to the very sky so blue,
Up to the moon, or to Charles Wain,
'Twould be long ere the ball came down
again!

An up and down, that is the way,
With a good round ball, that you must play;
Up, high as you can, and down again,
Ten and ten, and six times ten!

Face to the shade, and back to the shine;
Send up your balls with a toss like mine,
Straight as a dart, as if 'twere cast
From the spring of a mighty arbalast.

There it goes! good luck to the ball!
Here it comes, with a plumping fall;
How merry it is, our balls to throw,
Standing together thus in a row!

An up and a down, that is the way,
With a good round ball, that you must play;
Up, high as you can, and down again,
Now, we have counted ten times ten.



The Little Boy who was a Coward

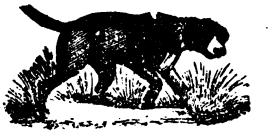
THERE was once a little boy, who was a sad coward. He was afraid of every thing almost. He was afraid of the two kids, Nanny and Billy, when they came and put their noses through the pales of the court; and he would not pluck Billy by the beard. What a silly boy he was! Pray what was his name? Nay, indeed, I shall not tell you his name; for I am ashamed of him. Well, he was much afraid of dogs, too: he always cried

if a dog barked, and ran away, and took hold of his mamma's apron like a baby. What a foolish fellow he was! for the dogs do not hurt, you know; they love little boys and play with them. Did you ever see a dog eat up a little boy? No, never, I dare say. Well, so this simple little boy was walking by himself one day, and a pretty black dog came out of a house, and said, Bow, wow, bow, wow; and came to the little boy, and jumped upon him, and wanted to play with him, but the little boy ran away. The dog ran after him, and cried louder, Bow, bow, wow; but he only meant to say, Good-morrow: how do you do? But this little boy was sadly frightened, and ran away as fast as ever he could, without looking

before him, and he tumbled into a very dirty ditch, and there he lay crying at the bottom of the ditch, for he could not get out; and I believe he would have lain there all day, but the dog was so good-natured that he went to the house where the little boy lived, on purpose to tell them where he was. So, when he came to the house, he scratched at the door, and said, Bow, wow; for he could not speak any plainer. So they opened the door. What do you want, you black dog? We do not know you. Then the dog went to Ralph the servant, and pulled him by the coat, and pulled him till he brought him to the ditch; and the dog and Ralph together got the little boy out of the ditch; but he was all over mud,

and quite wet, and every body laughed at him because he was a coward.

Now, Charles, my pen is tired; I cannot write any more at present; but if you are a good boy, perhaps I may write you some more stories another time. Farewell.



My Mother.

MY own mamma!
My dear mamma!
How happy I shall be,
To-morrow night,
At candle light,
When she comes home to me!

'Tis just a week,
Since on my cheek
She pressed a parting kiss:

It seems like two;
I never knew
So long a week as this.

My tangled hair
She smoothed with care,
With water bathed my brow,
And all with such
A gentle touch —
There's none to do so now.

I cannot play
When she's away;
There's none to laugh with me;
And much I miss
The tender kiss —
The seat upon her knee.

When up to bed
I'm sorrowing led,
I linger on the stairs;
I lie and weep;
I cannot sleep;
I scarce can say my prayers.

But she will come,
She'll be at home

To-morrow night, and then
I hope that she
Will never be
So long away again.

Stories of Dogs.

DOGS are very useful creatures, and they are much attached to man. Some of them will play with little boys, will run after a ball and bring it back to their playfellow. Spaniels or water dogs will bring sticks which are thrown into the water. Some carry baskets. They do many useful and amusing things for their masters. There is a large house upon the top of a mountain, in Italy, in which a great many people live, called monks.

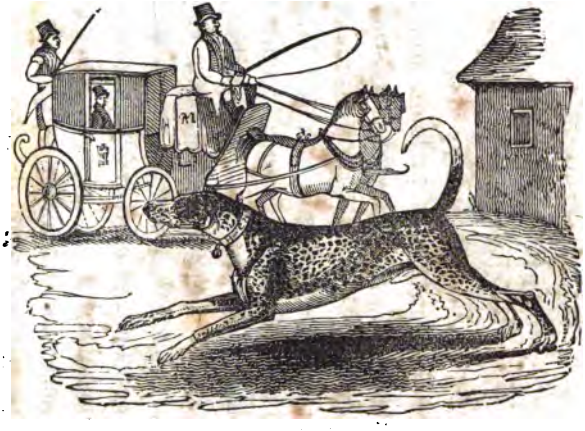
The house is called a convent. These monks have a very fine breed of dogs, called the dogs of St. Bernard. They are a very large, fine-looking dog, very strong and very bold, and yet very kind; not cross, like some of the little curs we see every day. These dogs are trained to go down the mountains, and if they find any travellers, who have lost their way in the deep snow, or who are unable to get to the convent, these dogs help them. One of them, in ranging about the mountain a few years ago, met with a poor little boy, almost dead with cold and hunger, and so benumbed that he could not walk.

The dog made signs to him, so as to make him understand, that he wanted him

to get up upon his back, which, after much trouble, the poor little boy did, and the dog carried him to the convent, where he was put into a warm bed, and taken so good care of, that he was soon quite well.

All dogs, however, are not like the good dogs of St. Bernard. Some are very vicious. Such dogs are dangerous animals and certainly should not be permitted to go unchained.

There was an instance of great ferocity on the part of a dog exhibited, not long



since, in the streets of New York. A horse belonging to a poor drayman, got free from the halter with which he was fastened, and started for home. The drayman, as soon as he found the horse gone, went in pursuit, and called upon the people in the streets to stop his horse. A

bull-dog also, taking the alarm, pursued the horse, and soon coming up with him, seized the poor animal by the upper lip. The horse, terribly frightened, ran along several streets, the dog all the time hanging to

his lip At length a crowd collecting prevented his further progress; and to escape being caught, and frantic with pain and fear, he rushed into a hardware shop, and thence into the parlor where all the family were at tea. After turning over the chairs and table, they were driven back into the shop, when every exertion was made in vain by the owner of the horse, and several others, to release the animal from the gripe of the tormentor. At last one of the company with a knife put an end to the dog's existence, thus releasing the poor horse

Story of a Naughty Boy.

THERE was a naughty boy; I do not know what his name was, but it was not Charles, nor George, nor Arthur, for those are all very pretty names: but there was a robin came in at his window one very cold morning — shiver — shiver; and its poor little heart was almost frozen to death. And he would not give it the least little crumb of bread in the world, but pulled it about by the tail, and hurt it sadly, and it died. Now a little while after, the

naughty boy's papa and mamma went away and left him, and then he could get no victuals at all, for you know he could not take care of himself. So he went about to every body: Pray give me something to eat, I am very hungry. And every body said, No, we shall give you none, for we do not love cruel, naughty boys. So he went about from one place to another, till at last he got into a thick wood of trees, for he did not know how to find his way any where; and then it grew dark, quite a dark night. So he sat down and cried sadly; and he could not get out of the wood; and I believe the bears came and ate him up in the wood, for I never heard any thing about him afterwards.

Story of the Silly Lamb.

I WILL tell you a story about a lamb. There was once a shepherd, who had a great many sheep and lambs. He took a great deal of care of them, and gave them sweet fresh grass to eat, and clear water to drink; and if they were sick he was very good to them, and when they climbed up a steep hill, and the lambs were tired, he used to carry them in his arms; and when they were all eating their suppers in the field, he used to sit upon a stile, and play them a tune, and sing to them;

and so they were the happiest sheep and lambs in the whole world. But every night this shepherd used to pen them up in a fold. Do you know what a sheep-fold is? Well, I will tell you. It is a place like the court; but instead of pales there are hurdles, which are made of sticks that will bend, such as osier twigs; and they are twisted and made very fast, so that nothing can creep in, and nothing can get out. Well, and so every night, when it grew dark and cold, the shepherd called all his flock, sheep and lambs, together, and drove them into the fold, and penned them up, and there they lay, as snug and warm and as comfortable as could be, and nothing could get into and hurt them, and the dogs lay

round on the outside to guard them, and to bark if any body came near; and in the morning the shepherd unpenned the fold, and let them all out again.

Now they were all very happy, as I told you, and loved the shepherd dearly that was so good to them — all except one

foolish litt.e lamb. And this lamb did not like to be shut up every night in the fold; and she came to her mother, who was a wise old sheep, and said to her, I wonder why we are shut up so every night! The dogs are not shut up, and why should we be shut up? I think it is very hard, and I will get away if I can, I am resolved, for I like to run about where I please, and I think it is very pleasant in the woods by moonlight. Then the old sheep said to her, You are very silly, you little lamb; you had better

stay in the fold. The shepherd is so good to us, that we should always do as he bids us; and if you wander about by yourself, I dare say you will come to some harm. I dare say not, said the little lamb: and so when the evening came, and the shepherd called them all to come into the fold, she would not come, but crept slyly under a hedge and hid herself; and when the rest of the lambs were all in the fold and fast asleep, she came out, and jumped, and frisked, and danced about; and she got out of the field, and got into a forest full of trees, and a very fierce wolf came rushing out of a cave, and howled very loud. Then the silly lamb wished she had been shut up in the fold; but the fold was a great way off, — and the wolf

saw her, and seized her, and carried her away to a dismal dark den, all covered with bones and blood; and there the wolf had two cubs, and the wolf said to them, Here, I have brought you a young fat lamb; and so the cubs took her, and growled over her a little while, and then tore her to pieces, and ate her up.

Lucy and her Lamb.

LUCY had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow;
And every where that Lucy went.
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day.
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see the lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out;
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Lucy did appear.

And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid;
You'll shield me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Lucy so?"
The children cried;
"Because she loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher quick replied.

"And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your call,
If you are always kind."

The Hare.

NOW only look at that silly hare!
As proud as a man he sitteth there!
Looketh so boldly all about,
Crumples and twitches his bearded snout,
As if, came any one near his hill,
He would give him a drubbing with right good will.

Yes, if in this world were only he,
What a wondrous hero he would be!
Now he hears far off a whip-lash crack,
And all his courage it falls aback;
He stops not a minute to look around,
But off and away at a bound.

Faithful Dog Keeper.

Keeper at Play.

Boy. KEEPER, will you go a walking to-day?

K. I should like to go, but I must not, indeed.

Boy. Why not? we go but a very short way;
Come with us, dear Keeper, and pray you make speed.

K. Not now, for the house would unguarded be left,
And when all are absent, then easy is theft.

They went, and he lay there upon the door-sill,
Looking after with eyes full of kindness profound,
Then for half an hour wandered, his trust to fulfil,
The house, and the yard, and the premises round;
And when they returned, with what joy did he greet them!
Wagged his tail, and sprang forward in pleasure to meet them.

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